

Reflections

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Summary: A troubled Kovu is plagued with nightmares ever since he joined Simba's pride. He nothing but a killer. Nothing but Scar. One early morning, he has a little conversation with Simba. One-shot.
Post Lion King 2. Completed.

Reflections

****My very first story :)! As a new writer, this story probably gives a sense of my writing style. Tried to include a lot of emotions in this story. Enjoy!****

Reflections

Dark clouds loomed over the pridelands as heavy raindrops plodded onto Kovu's pelt. Kovu sat at the distance, breathing hard. _They're gone. Forever. _Blood seeped from his stained paws. He had lost his brother and his mother in a flash. There was nothing but accusing glances from their wide-eyed limp bodies in front of him. _I killed them both. _The young lion stared at the puddle of rainwater that formed at his feet, only to see his true self in the reflectionâ€”a splitting image of his father.

Kovu jolted up for the umpteenth time that night, shaking his head. Ever since he and the Outsiders had been accepted into Simba's pride, nightmares plagued him for the past week.

He looked across the den to catch a glance at the sleeping lions. Apart from the soft snores around him, the cave was completely. Kovu loved every single lion around himâ€”cubs, lionesses and lion, for they had accepted him as one. But to him, none was as beautiful as the lioness sleeping beside him, resting her head his paw. Even in her sleep, Kiara seemed as peaceful and elegant. Carefully pacing her head onto the ground, Kovu stood up and stretched.

He trotted outside the den and gazed across the pridelands. It was

before dawn, for the sky was still almost completely dark, apart from the faint twinkle of stars. The faint echoes of early birds were the only sound that broke the tranquil silence of the morning.

Kovu crept down the rocks, loped towards the water hole before breaking into a full sprint. He made several laps around the pridelands, feeling the wind brush past his dark mane before stopping by the water hole for a break, panting in exhaustion.

Ever since he was a cub, his mother made it a point to run laps around the caves as a daily training in the morning and he had brought this habit even into his new pride. He bent down for some water, but flinched at sight of his reflection. A scrawny, dark maned lion with a scar over his eye stared back at him. _That's no Kovu_, he thought to himself. _That's Scar_. With a powerful paw, he slapped the surface of the water, sending ripples over his reflection in anger. He dusted the scar over his eye and winced. The wound no longer hurt but it left a scar on him—physically and emotionally.

"Do you always get up this early?" A booming but gentle voice asked from behind him. Kovu whipped around, only to see the king of the pridelands staring at him, standing proud and regal.

"Um... Kinda. It's like morning training." Kovu responded, averting his gaze from Simba's eyes. "Did I wake you? I'm so sorry."

"No... I've been observing you for ages." Simba replied, chuckling as he saw Kovu's eyes widen. "You train every morning? Maybe that's why you're so fit."

Kovu blushed and shifted his eyes. With the abundance of food and significantly better living conditions, he had indeed packed on a great deal of muscle after joining Simba's pride. He had even caught up with Simba's height and built. "That's not why you decided to talk to me." He continued, changing the subject.

"That's not why you've been waking up early either." Simba smiled. "Morning training is one thing. But I see you whined and whimpered in your sleep. I've seen you tear up in the middle of the night. Something's troubling you, Kovu. What is it?"

Kovu stifled a gasp. _Simba...knew?_ Kovu bit his lip before he suddenly blurted out. "I don't know, Simba! All these nights I've been having nightmares about my mum and brother. I killed them! There's so much I could have done. Pretend to chase you, block Sierra before Kiara did. They wouldn't have died! And Kiara... She could have died saving my mother! And did I ever mention that I wanted to kill you? Why did I even think of that?" Kovu rattled on speedily. When he took a deep breath, he looked at his reflection in the waterhole once more. "I'm no better than my father."

Kovu struck the water surface in anger, lashing out on his reflection. Water splashed about furiously, distorting the reflection on the water. But despite that, the reflection to him was still the same, it resembled his father. Simba slapped his paw down onto the ground but Kovu resisted and continued venting his frustration.

"Kovu!" Simba roared, much louder and harsher than he had expected.

Kovu recoiled back, his cheeks red in embarrassment. They sat in silence for a few moments, with Kovu panting heavily. "The water surface isn't calm at all. Just like your mind. Wait for it to settle, along with your emotions. Only then can you see your true reflection."

Kovu cast him a sceptical look but waited for the water surface to settle. When it finally did, he peered into it, bracing himself for the worst. But what he saw was a young, dashing lion staring back at him. A scar drawn over his left eye, but still the good old Kovu he remembered. Everything came back to him and his surroundings felt much more familiar. Finally, he slumped back down onto the ground and sighed in relief.

Simba stepped towards the water hole, admiring his own reflection. With a claw, he slowly rippled the surface of the water. "Sometimes," he explained. "I see my father in my reflection." Both lions gazed at the water. Another lion with a broader chin, softer eyes and a thicker mane smiled in the water.

"But I know, that I can never be him." Simba continued. Thankfully for him, Kovu didn't notice the drop of water that fell into the waterhole from his eye." How can one be so wise, so powerful, so caring at the same time? I would never be able to be like him. But then, I realised. Indeed, I will never be him. We're all special. I may not be as wise, as powerful, as caring, but I know who I am. I can't be Mufasa, but I can be Simba."

Simba turned to face his son-in-law. "Kovu, your parents do not determine who you are, you know that. As much hatred you have with yourself up there," Simba gestured to Kovu's head. "There's nothing you can do about it. But you can find yourself, even in the darkest times." Kovu stared at Simba, full of gratitude and understanding. "There's still plenty of time to sleep before the sun rises. Wanna' get back?" Simba asked with a good-natured smile.

Kovu and Simba trotted back to the pride rock slowly. "Simba?" Kovu asked.

"Yes?"

"Just now, you said you felt that you couldn't be as wise and powerful and caring as your father despite how much you wanted to, didn't you?"

"Ummm... Yes?"

"Well, I actually think that you are." Kovu replied. Simba gave the warmest grin Kovu had ever seen.

"Thank you, Kovu"

"No. Thank you, Simba."

The duo returned to their den and settled down, ready for more rest. As Kovu settled down beside Kiara, he felt her stir and stretch slightly? "Where've you been?" she asked in concern, licking his thick, dark mane before resting her chin on his shoulder."

"To find something," Kovu murmured sleepily.

"Mmmmm? Details." Kiara yawned.

"Kovu. I found Kovu."

"Wh-What? You're probably asleep already." Kiara teased. "Go back to sleep!" Kovu chuckled and rested his chin on the ground and allowed himself to drift to sleep. Despite the time, it was the best sleep he had in a really long time.

End

And that's it! Hope you guys liked it! Reviews are very much appreciated! Thanks!

End
file.